

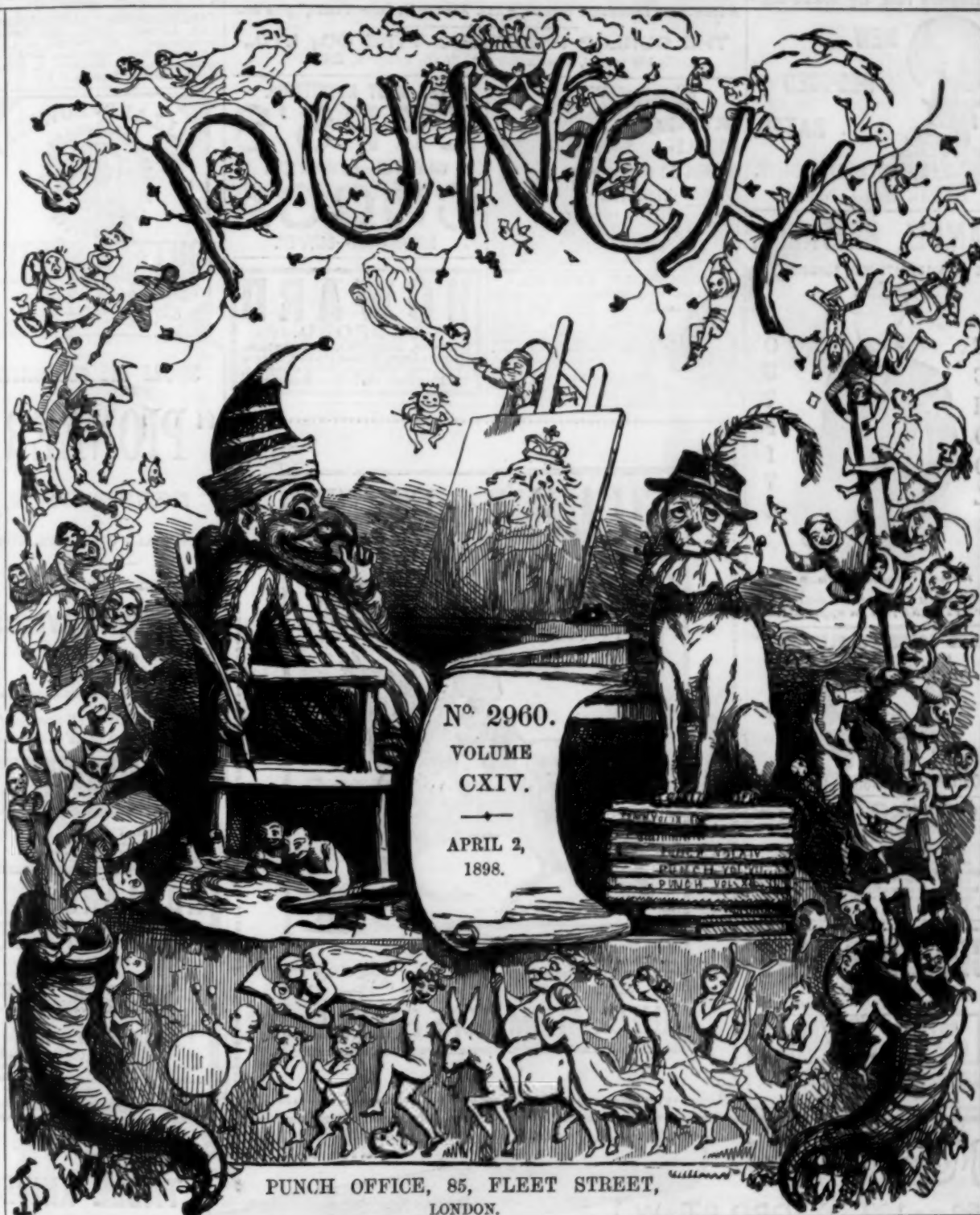
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS

ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



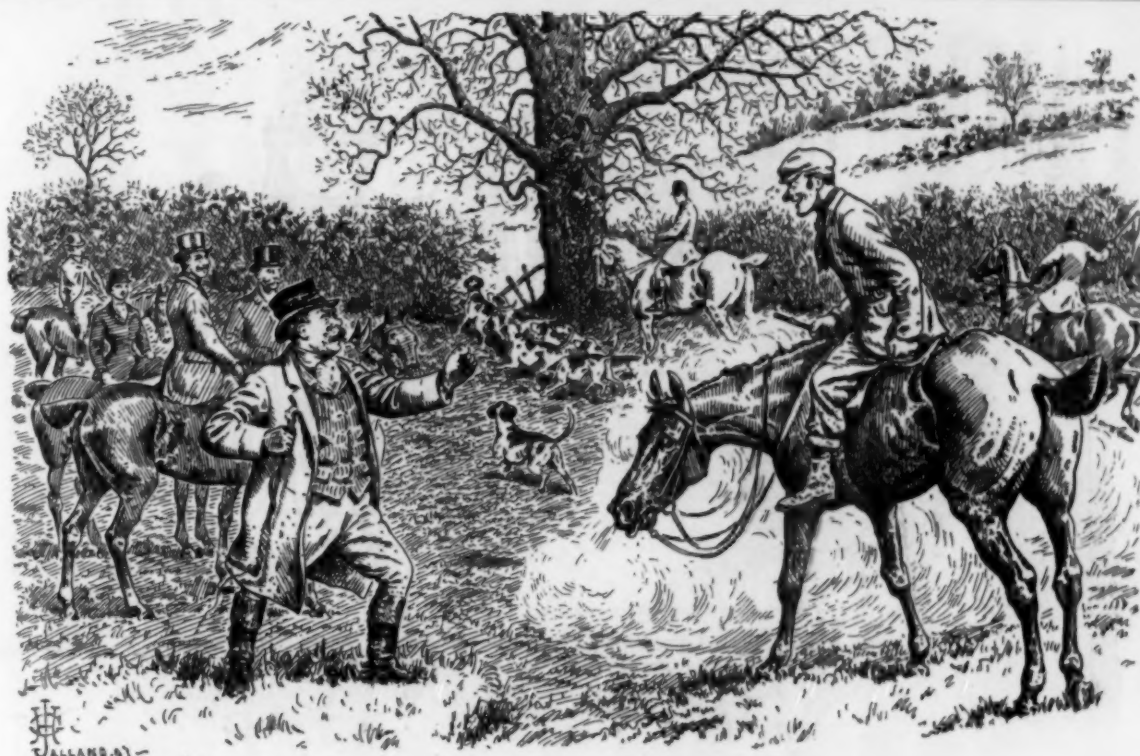
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INSULT TO INJURY.

Dismounted Sportsman (just come up with Hounds, after a long chase on foot). "Hi! CONFOUND YOU! GET OFF MY HORSE, YOU RASCAL!"

Out-of-place Groom. "Oh! 'EE'S YOURS, IS HE, GUV'NOR! WELL, I'M SURE YOU'RE WELCOME TO 'IM. THE OLD SCREW 'AS BEEN ON 'IS 'ED THREE TIMES, AND NOW 'EE'S GOING DEAD LAME. THE WUST 'ORSE I EVER RODE!"

THE WAY WITH THE MILITIA.

(A sketch founded upon imagination.)

SCENE — The Home of Red Tape. Enter to Eloquent Chief a number of Auxiliary C.Os.

First Commanding Officer. My lord, we come here on behalf of the militia to—

Eloquent Chief (interrupting). The militia! Ah! you have touched a sympathetic chord in my breast! Believe me, I have the greatest admiration for the militia—the good old militia!

Second C. O. Then would your lordship kindly—

E. C. (as before). Believe me, I would do anything for the old constitutional force, that grand old army that rallied round the colours five hundred years ago.

Third C. O. You are very kind, but would you—

E. C. (as before). Indeed, indeed, I would do anything, everything. I regard the militia as the backbone of the British Army. It is simply marvellous how much they do, how well they march to the band, how regularly they train for twenty-seven days in the year! The militia is the glory of Britannia, the ruler of the waves.

Fourth C. O. You are most complimentary. But we would ask—

E. C. (as before). Ask anything, everything. I repeat, there was never so gallant a force as the militia. And when the time comes they will win Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Tel-el-Kebir, like

their brethren in the service battalions. The old constitutional force is the most magnificent in the world. It is impossible to do too much for it.

Fifth C. O. Well, my lord, will you give our rank and file a helmet?

E. C. (aghast). A helmet? Oh! come, I say, this is asking too much! A helmet—a helmet that no one has ever used before? Oh! that is really going a step too far, it is indeed!

[Scene closes in upon the situation.]



Future R.A. proceeding with his Canvass.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

(By One who has tried them.)

Must really decide where to go for five or six days at Easter. Weather always awful. Usual Springtime. North-east wind, frost, snow and dust. Something like last week. Can't stop in London. One Sunday or Bank Holiday in London mournful enough. But four of them consecutively! Impossible!

Innocent persons go to the south coast of England, thinking that fifty miles nearer the equator one is in quite a different climate. Bournemouth? Bosh! All sandy dust and depressing invalids. Torquay? Twaddle! Probably rain all the time, if not snow. England no good. Scotland or Ireland? Worse!

Must go, as people say vaguely, "abroad." How about Paris? North-east wind, frost, snow and dust, worse than here. Streets windy, theatres draughty, cafés and restaurants suffocating. Brussels? Nothing but rain. Aix-les-Bains? Probably snow. Nice? That might do. No frost or snow, but very likely a north-east wind, and certainly lots of dust. Besides, thirty hours' journey out and thirty hours' journey back, would only leave about sixty hours there. No good. Rome, Seville, Constantinople, Cairo? Still farther. Should have to leave on the return journey before I arrived. Where can I go to at Easter to be warm and comfortable, without so much trouble? I know. To bed!



Leslie I. Sandhu del. et sculp.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Modern Shylock (leaving Money-lending Committee). "I PRAY YOU GIVE ME LEAVE TO GO FROM HENCE—I AM NOT WELL."

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. 1.



THE ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Brown narrates one of his best Stories which, from various motives, he translates into the French tongue. A loud guffaw is heard from the Sideboard.

Host (with great presence of mind). "VIR PEDIS EX GALLIÆ EST!"

FLITTINGS.

(Per Ocean Bottle-post.)

In the South Atlantic,
Three miles off Land (perpendicularly).
Six Bells, Feb. 27, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Yeo-ho and ahoy! If this ever reaches you, it is to tell you that the very good ship *Triton* (this is within a cable's length of her name) has been at sea for just a fortnight, bound for the Cape on her second trip. She bears on board about a thousand souls all told, five horses, a couple of cows, two or three parrots, of third-class behaviour, and a few canaries, which have not as yet taken berths inside the ship's cat.

We left Southampton on an even keel, but there were plenty of French rolls for breakfast next morning in the Bay of Biscay, so we were segrotat (*sic*) for the rest of the day in such seclusion as our cabin granted. The next event of importance was Madeira. Here we had about four hours in which to watch the natives (one of them a one-armed boy) diving for our spare coppers, to breakfast on shore, to do the sights of Funchal, to buy deck-chairs, if not whole drawing-room suites, of wickerwork, to visit Santa Clara and the other suburban resorts, and, most necessary of all, to ascend by the new mountain railway to the church of Nossa Senhora de Monte, and then to descend two thousand feet by carro, or toboggan over the cobble-stone pathway. It was a

lot to do, but we did it on our heads—especially the last-named athletic performance. Our steersman, MANUEL, certainly deserved his pint of Madeira at the "Half-way House" for his agility and dexterity in taking us down a decline of one in two, past corkscrew corners, and hordes of beggars.

English money seems to be quite the medium of currency at Funchal, and English is spoken by the enterprising islanders while you wait (or until your last shilling is spent). Even a tea-garden sort of place is dignified by the name of "Earl's Court," to attract and solace the homesick Londoner. Meanwhile, it was market-day on board the ship, and great was the company of merchants with all kinds of wares. These are bundled off neck and crop by 11 A.M., and we settled down to the serious business of the voyage—the election of a Sports and Entertainment Committee, the consumption of six meals a day, the daily sweepstakes and auction on the run, the dissection of everybody's character, and the other inevitable humours and incidents of an ocean trip.

We fetched a compass, or whatever the nautical phrase is, round the Canaries in a sea-fog, for fear of running up against Teneriffe, and since then we haven't sighted land, nor seen a ship, or even a whale or waterspout, nothing more exciting than a few coveys of flying-fish, and, I think, half a dozen porpoises. At the moment of writing, however, I see a solitary albatross, and lose no time in in-

forming your readers of the fact. We crossed the line without feeling the slightest bump. We have passed through the tropics with only one hot night, and our feet, like our thoughts, are now turning towards Fleet Street and home, as we near the Antipodes.

We have had the usual fancy-dress ball with some decidedly impromptu costumes. One of a large theatrical company was quite unrecognisable as Sheffield's Ape, taking the first prize, and has since been busy restoring himself to human form. The captain's clerk appeared in a series of quick-turn changes, such as a comic sailor or a deplorable old lady; while the ship's doctor contributed an awe-inspiring impersonation of Old Moore or somebody in the wizard profession.

The sports and other entertainments have passed off without bloodshed. Our captain, a breezy, jovial Irishman, received the ladies with open arms at the finish of their fifty yards race, and the comedians who performed in "Are you there?" and the other humorous items fully rose, or tumbled, to the occasion, as the case might be. Take it all round, we have had a particularly good time of it. Pleasant company and pleasant weather. Out of reach of letters and telegrams, and face to face with the ocean.

We are now in the teeth of a strong south-easter, and the writing-room is beginning to dance. I therefore hasten to catch the post.

Yours, very much at sea, X. Y. Z.



ACCURACY ABOVE ALL.

Mrs. Crossley (at a "Private View"). "REALLY, YOU GIRLS HAVE NO MEMORIES AT ALL. OF COURSE IT'S WHAT'S-HIS-NAME RESCUING WHO-DO-YOU-CALL-IT FROM—OH, YOU KNOW—AT THE SIEGE OF THAT PLACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Egypt in the Nineteenth Century (SMITH, ELDER) is an attractive-looking book with an excellent map. But the belated reader soon discovers that its author, Mr. CAMERON, lacks the gift of lucidity. He is choke-full of his subject, and is prone to splutter it forth in bewildering fashion. My Baronite, diligently pursuing the thread of the narrative, occasionally found himself in Syria when he thought he was in Egypt, or reading about IBRAHAM PACHA when it really was his father, MEHEMET ALI, who was referred to. One thing at least comes out clear from the muddle. It is that of all the services England has incidentally done to humanity by extension of her empire, nothing surpasses the wonder wrought in Egypt. The condition alike of the finances and the fellaheen, as compared with what they were in the time of MEHEMET ALI or of ISMAIL PACHA, exceeds any transformation fabled in the *Arabian Nights*.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has commenced the publication of a complete set of the Waverley novels under the title "The Century Scott." For my Baronite the type is a little small, but it is beautifully clear, printed on good paper, daintily bound, and all for a shilling. Them as is rich and rides in chaises may plank down half-a-crown, and have it bound in leather.

The commencement of GRANT ALLEN's *Incidental Bishop* (PEARSON Limited) is excellent as an exciting prologue to a story that ought to have been an amusing comedy of farcical errors with a happy solution. *The Incidental Bishop* is anything but this; and the possibility of the tale is destroyed by the glaring character of the improbabilities. Better would it have been had Mr. GRANT ALLEN followed in brevity the example of the late Captain MARRYAT's *Mr. Chucks*, the boatswain, whose story of his own life, as told to young *Peter Simple* (Ch. XIV.) is so closely analogous to that of *The Incidental Bishop*, that, at first sight, it would seem as if the modern author owed his inspiration to the older

one, and had simply substituted *Tom Pringle* for "Mr. Chucks," and the missionary for "Lord A——." In MARRYAT's novel *Mr. Chucks* puts on his lordship's clothes, his lordship having died at sea, and is welcomed everywhere as "my lord," while, in GRANT ALLEN's, *Tom Pringle* puts on the missionary's clothes, the reverend gentleman dying at sea, and after being received everywhere as an Anglican clergyman, a bishopric is conferred on him. MARRYAT's *Mr. Chucks* is ultimately hauled up at Bow Street, and commences life again on board ship: ALLEN's *Tom Pringle* dies a pseudo-bishop, and his fraud is never discovered. Captain MARRYAT's story has the advantage over Mr. GRANT ALLEN's of being told in seven pages, whereas the latter occupies two hundred and forty-eight, and, with the exception of the prologue about the slave-trader, I must own to a preference for the shorter treatment of the original idea.

It is curious that Captain MARRYAT (of whose collected works a delightfully readable edition has recently been published by DENT & Co.) should, on two occasions in the same novel, have made one of his minor heroes, the *Mr. Chucks* above-mentioned, avail himself of the device of appropriating somebody else's clothes, and then adopting the name of the deceased wearer. The ruling passion of wishing to bear a title and dress as a gentleman was too strong for *Mr. Chucks*, and, in his second attempt, he succeeded! No doubt Captain MARRYAT, as a nautical novelist, excused himself to himself for the repetition of "the means," seeing that, on repetition, they were justified by "the end" achieved. Wanted, a MARRYAT of the present day to give us a racy nautical novel, descriptive of life aboard the huge armour-plated turret ships and such-like modern fighting monsters of the deep. Pity Lord CHARLES BERESFORD hasn't a novelistic twist. One good MARRYAT-like novel would do more good to the cause that his lordship has at heart than a hundred speeches, be they reported never so widely. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AFFECTIONATE FURNITURE.

Srs.—As a Philosopher it has always struck me that apparently inanimate objects possess affections. Arm-chairs have probably deep-seated feelings. I was struck by this advertisement in the *Times*, "*Notice.—Wall Papers like Old Silks.*" Do they? I trust that the sentiment is reciprocal, and that "Old Silks like Wall Papers." I am aware that "Old Silks" may mean "Old Queen's Counsel," but why should they like "Wall Papers"? No, I prefer to take it literally as proving my theory. Inanimate objects have their likes and dislikes. The humble chair does not mind being "sat on." A hat may hang fondly on its own dear little "Peg." An ill-used sofa, oppressed by its burdens, may exclaim with *Falstaff*, "Lord! how this world is given to lying." A book may feel itself a prisoner when it is bound. In this respect, the club entitled "*Ye Sette of Odde Volumes*" will supply many instances. How many an apparently "easy chair" could, an' it chose, write "*The Sorrows of Sat-in!*"

Yours, X. CATHEDRA.

In the *Daily Telegraph* report of the Grosvenor Hotel inquiry, March 25, we read:

"Mr. Justice BRUCE and a common jury, of whom no less than seven answered to the name of SMITH, had before them yesterday a further development," &c.

What! call this a "*Common Jury*"! A most "*Uncommon Jury*," as, despite the fact that a considerable proportion of the great SMITH tribe are, like the poor, "always with us," it is rare to find in a select company of twelve, seven out of the number, not related in any way to one another, answering to the name of SMITH. It is a record. Pity the case was not before Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH.

Lost!—A Voice, after a severe attack of influenza. Its owner remembers having dropped his voice while injudiciously stopping to talk to a friend at the corner of Park Lane. He will be glad to recover it as soon as possible, as it can be of no possible use to any one else. The finder, on forwarding it to "*Vox et Præterea Nil*," at this office, will be handsomely rewarded.



TIME—2 A.M.

Dr. Choler (down speaking-tube). "WHAT IS IT?"
Voice from below. "THE FIRST OF APRIL!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE WOMAN WITH THE DEAD CERT.

(With the Author's admiring regards to his friend, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Academy* Coronet.)

ENTRANCED by the soul-captivating light,
Red, green and sapphire, piercing the night,
From bulbous bottles in a moonéd row,
Through the chemist's and druggist's shop-door, lo!

I passed. Without, a terrier, & dumb thing,
Draws his blind master attached by a string,
Straining. He was so strong almost I wept,
Wondering how the patient beggar kept up.
Thinly from a far Teutonic band
Soldiers of the Queen floated down the Strand.

And lo! along the ardent street,
The usual average of feet,
Braving the clotted traffic's tides
In buttons or elastic sides!
And I was 'ware how one in haste
Went by with both his boots unlaced!
Across the road, outside a bar,
A dull mechanic motor-car
Stood uncomplaining while within
Its driver slowly swallowed gin.
With shame my human fibres shook
At this significant rebuke;
Right in my heart I felt the stab
Dealt by the mute electric cab.
So to the counter warily I drew
And hailed the chemist: "I will trouble you

For some Miltonian troches, if you please,
Which to the voice give comfortable ease,
When mellifluously it would rehearse
Blank, or, in other phrase, iambic verse."

And even as I spake, oh, lo! I saw
A woman sipping sal volatile, raw,
Out of a test-tube. Her sinister eye,
That shone like a bay-window dreadfully,
Was furnished with an infelicitous cast
Such as I deemed should indicate a past
Disillusioned. A nice, funeral plume
Lent to her hat a quiet touch of gloom.
Partly for ruth no word I found to say,
And partly since a truant troche lay
Athwart my throat. At length the silence stirred,

As when in the green dark an early bird
Titters. Her tale she told without reserve;

Keenly I remember her placid nerve.
She had, when life was full of tranquil hay,

A beloved husband, by profession a
Dynamiter. Most proud indeed was she
Of his infernal ingenuity.

It chanced a public edifice was blown
To bits, with people in it. Cause was shewn

None; but a paltry furlong thence they came

Upon the artist's collar, with his name
And blood thereon. But of the rest of him
Not so much as a fragmentary limb
Anywhere found they. The Coronet said
That the deceased had merely saved his head

By an alibi. So in weeds she went,
Doubtful at first, but growing confident
As one that hath a dead cert. By-and-by
After a lustre of celibacy

She married with a publican and drew
Beer at his bar; not even so much as knew
Who Mrs. ARDEN was.

But on a day,

She serving liquors, lo! there chanced that way

A lurid reveller of familiar mould,
Dight in a massive chain of Yukon gold;
And on her first husband, before she wist,
Swooned heavily the conscious bigamist!

Anon the police held their man in thrall;
And, ere the second moon's full coronal
Came round, from the scaffold, clean-shaved
and cropped,

Sated, arranged, deliberate, he dropped,
Leaving a sullied widow; yea, and lone,
That should be; for they whispered he had gone,

Her second mate, that morning, being wed
With the barmaid. This also was a dead
Cert. Here her welling tears that might not dry

Fell in the test-tube very bitterly.

Therewith the chemist, having overheard,
Sobbed like a babe. The motor-cab, referred

To in a previous passage, moved about
Involuntarily; and lo! the shout
Raucous-insistent of the Specials broke
The stilly mud-blue nocturne; and I spoke.
Pitiful words I spoke that filtered through
Her arid feelings as the divine dew
Freshens Sahara. In the mirror she
Ordered her gear. The sal volatile
I paid for, with the troches, nett; and so
Moving with rhythmic step, composed and slow,
Into the large, elusive night I glide
With that strange woman, my affianced bride!

AN ECCLESIASTICALLY STRICT M.F.H.
—One who never will allow any "meet"
during Lent.



Brinsford Peck

"SOMETHING LIKE A MEDICINE."

Doctor. "NOW REMEMBER, MY MAN, THREE OR FOUR DROPS OF THIS MIXTURE THREE TIMES A DAY—AND INHALE."

Patient. "BE I TO TAKE IT IN FOUR OR SIX HALE, GUY'NOR?"

THE SORROWS OF A SOLVER.

Tuesday.—Notice in to-day's *Upper Ten* that a "special prize" of £50 is offered for the solutions of a set of acrostics published in this paper. These childish puzzles can offer no serious difficulty to a person of my intelligence, and I really don't see why that £50 shouldn't be mine. And as I've a spare quarter of an hour just now, I may as well solve this one at once; it can't take me more than a few minutes. The first thing, I believe, is to find the "uprights" from the "proem," so I'll begin with that. Here it is:—

"Baffling conjecture and opprest,
The weed-extractor is at rest;
Why then delay? The truth is clear,
Coffee is not like bottled beer;
But she, who merely bites her pen,
Declares that four times three are ten!"

Sounds a little strange, certainly. But it must be perfectly simple.

Wednesday.—Sat up till two this morning over that wretched proem; strange to say, I haven't yet made out the "uprights" from it. And it kept running in my head while I was trying to write some business letters this morning. Now I must forget it and do some work. (Two hours later.) Done nothing but think of those hateful

lines. Well, perhaps it would be better to finish the thing at once, and put it out of my mind. I won't trouble about the "proem," but go straight on to the "lights"—that is, I feel sure, the best way, after all. What's the first light?

"Take mutton-chops without surprise,
And add a curious taste in ties."

Perfectly simple. . . . Odd that the word doesn't strike me at once. . . . Take "mutton-chops." . . . Well, I'm sure to guess it directly. Could it be "Parliament"? Or "Buttercup"? Or "Algebra"? (Later.) Went for a walk to think it out. Met Miss Snooks, who said that I tried to cut her, and asked what I was thinking of. I answered involuntarily, "Take mutton-chops," &c. Fancy she was offended, but can't trouble about that; I've got that £50 to win.

Thursday.—A sleepless night. In the course of it thought more than once that I'd found the word, but somehow it doesn't seem to fit. Perhaps I'd better go on to the next light; it may be easier. It reads:—

"What if they are? At least, you know,
They might have been, and will be so."

Come, that's simplicity itself. The word is— On second thoughts, I'm not certain. . . . Met Mrs. Brown just now. Fancy she told me that her two children were ill with diphtheria. At the time, however, I didn't take in her meaning, and replied, "What if they are? At least, you know," and the rest of it. As far as I remember, she called me a brute. Not that I care; the only thing in the world that interests me is that confounded acrostic, which I simply can't escape from. Wish I hadn't got to attend Mrs. Robinson's "reception" to-night. But perhaps the answers may come to me before then. I'll try the last light:—

"Here, says Mythology, we seek
The soul of each departed Greek."

Friday.—I'm afraid I disgraced myself last night—all through that miserable acrostic. Some idiot was playing the piano at Mrs. Robinson's party, and every one was holding their breath as he reached the softest part, when an idea—or, to speak more accurately, a "light"—flashed upon me, the last light of the acrostic. Forgetting where I was, it seems that I suddenly shouted out, "Hades!" at the top of my voice. Not quite clear as to what happened subsequently; some vague remembrance of having been shown out at an unusually early hour. Now I'll just find those other lights.

Saturday.—Have just burnt the *Upper Ten*, and should like to burn the Acrostic Editor with it. Mrs. Brown and Miss Snooks have compared notes, it seems, with Mrs. Robinson, and ever one believes that I've taken to drink. All my acquaintances looked the other way when I met them this morning, and I had been on excellent terms. Every one of them was a personal friend, not merely an acquaintance. But they all cut me. Not a doubt about it, they cut me. And they know how sensitive I am! But I'm only amused—distinctly amused, and quite, quite calm. In order to prove it, I'll just write down a few dispassionate remarks on Acrostics in general, and the one in this week's *Upper Ten* in particular. To begin with—

[The passage that follows is quite unfit for publication.—Ed.]



“HOLD ON, JOHN!”



Mr. Green. "Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me! I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away!"

Ethel. "Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for!"

WHAT TO DO WITH THE C. P. (*Suggestions—good and otherwise*).—To convert it into a National Museum at the expense of the Government as a rival to the Imperial Institute.

To make it a temporary residence for foreign visitors of the Blood Royal who object to Buckingham Palace or a West-End Hotel.

To preserve it as an appropriate cemetery for the Great who join the majority during the next couple of centuries.

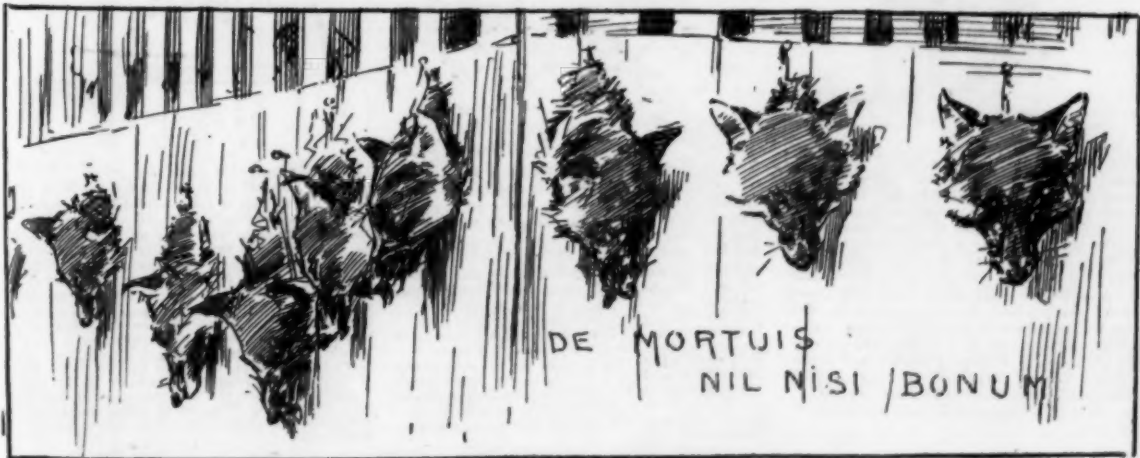
To use it as a meeting-place for the agitators who march in procession either to Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square.

To keep it as a possible terminus for the railways when London extends its boundaries early in the next century.

To give it over to the builders and lay out the grounds into two-acre-sized gardens of desirable suburban residences.

To open it as a Park for the People, with the possible result of finding it practically deserted after the novelty has worn off.

Lastly (and possibly the best), to face the situation cheerfully, improve the train service, improve (if practicable) the entertainments, improve, in fact, everything, and with renewed energy make the institution a brilliant success.



TO FINISH THE SEASON.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Thinticheef



This Animal is wonderfull clever and lorned and plays at marbles with the Tadd. He stands at the top of the stairs in among the plants and goes on shaking hands with them all as they come up untill he falls back exorsted. Then they prop him up with ferns and collums and things and he just bows till daylite. He has got two awfull nice positions to stand in too. He keeps a warm comfortable home in Tongalger Square for old worn out masters of schools that are shut up. He is breffull particular who he ligh in. He wont have them if they have gone cracked. (I shall send this picture to the Academy. he may like to put it on the line in the Blacking-White Room.)

The Morl
"Philopat

This kind honest Animal is very fond of hiltin and likes to play at billin a house on the green. For them to sale in. He is wearing the green right through with bring a hard. Where he is on the steamer he nails things on to the mast. It is very old. he sits for Scotland and stands up for Ire land. He is a breffull talker and viter and coveness says he is a pepriss in stile (whatever does she mean). He is stinging to learn the sword-dance over two im bralles. It is awfull hard though and he keeps all on kicking his ankells till he has to sit down on the flore — then he plays on the bag-pipes like the heeros in India but the neydeuts do complain so he will have to give it up or ellie move into another district.

The Punchiboss
"EphseeBee

This humorous little Creature has a most comital brain — full of happy thoughts. He settles on everything directly yos out it in front of him. He is awfull kind to children so he gives me great enjoyment when I do my pictures next to him. He is all most allways nobs. He does bugz and you though and prob you up. He likes to get a good run on the boavels sometimes. He has a skillful little way of knocking off a piece if it comes in his way — he is very strong in the wings. He has got a awfull clever lot of drawers and writers together — all of them penwises and tips of English beuty. I must get this put in sometime when he is away — he might not like me to berlesk him after his politeness and forwaight in letting me beggin so young.)

The Fowla



This abill Animal is wonderfull strong and strood and it can jump up and carry the whole house along with it if it likes to. It is very sollid and watery and has got a large bendin body behind it. It knows all about howdahs and parkins and things and it can turn pounds and shillings into moopes while you wait. It knows the difference between a military road and a footpath and it made it itself or if someone else did — which is more than some people do. It can make the forpichsmale wish he had never had a birthday. It is a very nice corleer and queens like it — immensely. It wears a indian shawl on side occasions. It forst fancy kilt. It is leader of the libral party — so is about half a dozen others too they all do it at once. but it bosnt matter much just now.

The Wooly



This brilliant little Creature is a fearfull guer he is all over glory and lital and electrick lights. He likes to have his battles ready overnight then he does them in the ery morning before the milkman calls when everyone else is in bed and asleep. He gets all the powder and laynats and cammerers and reporters ready and it can all be in the papers the same day. Then he prases everybuddy else for fitting so nobly — it sounds prob like Waverleu — but some how there is not so very many killed though it does look so terrible in the time-lite. That is his cleverness I expect. Parlyment allways thanks him for it — he certainly does make a neat job of it. and he has such a nice way of bringin home umbralles and corleure-champans and things to show he has really been there. If he does anything else he will have to be made a Jackson.

The Kortnee



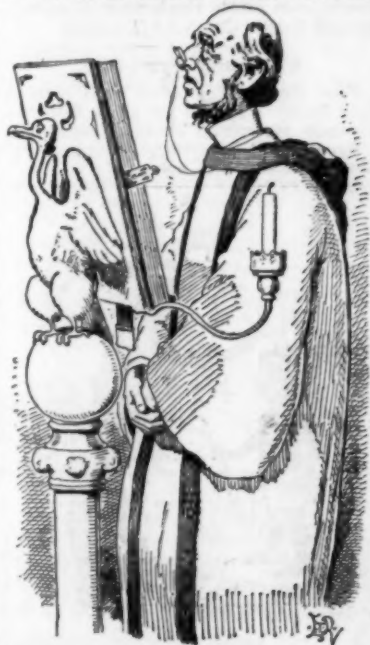
This Animal has got a head full of rules and regulations. It is awfull fond of all kinds of riddles the ones it likes best are those nobuddy cant make head or tail of — the abtuser the better. They make your hair all come off to think of them. He used to sit in a chair and see they all behaved. He did it fuely that they measured him for a bigger chair but it fitted someone else but so he laves in a tall now like Diopiknees. He gives awfull nice lectures to amery by and says order order to himself. He wancies to have comms of parlyment all sident sizes according to the waight of the vouters — he calls it "proportional representation." (I hope I have said it right) isn't it silly. He is a leader of fashion. He has got a awfull wartscale of a very funny colour that is most becomming. They say he comes out all over brass buttons at night — he must look vaserly beautiful.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOSY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—
 "Here endeth the First Lesson." When, just now, LECKY sat down after supporting second reading of Irish Local Government Bill, the ear was strained to catch this familiar announcement. So complete the illusion, as the voice rose and fell with pulpit cadence, that J. G. TALBOT, pulling himself together with guilty start, not quite sure he hadn't been dozing off, hurriedly turned over the pages of Orders of the Day, as if it were a folio prayer-book, and he in search of the next portion of the Morning Service. The eye helped to deceive the ear. Looking across at the Member for Dublin University, with his folded hands, his head held a little on one side in meek depression, a seraphic smile occasionally lighting up his saintly countenance, there lacked only a little of BURNE JONES's colour and sunlight shining through him, to realise the effect of a painted and consecrated window in some solemn aisle.

Pictureque, but not practicable, and, in the main, a pity. House of Commons always ready to sit at feet of historian of England in the Eighteenth Century, and bid him discourse. But in his solicitude for the improvement of European Morals from AUGUSTUS to CHARLEMAGNE, he should avoid the pulpit voice and manner. Happily they are not inseparable from his House of Commons speech. House remembers with pleasure the success of one of his earliest deliverances, when he unexpectedly came to assistance of HORACE PLUNKETT in pleading for amnesty. SARK says the variety of the two circumstances explains the difference of style. The first speech was delivered on spur of moment. He just talked to House in musical voice out of full



Lecky at the Lectern.



'Arry (whose "Old Dutch" has been shopping, and has kept him waiting a considerable time).
 "WOT D'YER MEAN, KEEPIN' ME STANDIN' ABAAT 'ERE LIKE A BLOOMIN' FOOL!"
 'Arrid. "I CAN'T 'ELP THE WAY YER STAND, 'ARRY!"

knowledge and kindly heart. To-night brought down notes of convincing oration that should equal his reputation. Having his sermon written, he instinctively intoned it.

Business done.—Irish Local Government Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—Quite exciting scene between MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN, Esq., Member for North Kerry, and the Right Hon. the SPEAKER. Ostensible business of House second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. Really might be supposed in advance that this would not suggest debate about Ireland. Such supposition only betrays ignorance of resources of Irish ingenuity. The Fund including Ireland in its dispensation, Irish matters might be talked about. If JOHN CODLIN DILLON didn't make a speech, JOHN SHORT REDMOND might; and what would they say in Ireland? An anxious moment whilst question that Bill be read a second time put from Chair. Was JOHN SHORT lurking about somewhere, and

would he catch the SPEAKER's eye before JOHN CODLIN grasped the optic? Fortune favoured J. C., and before the amazed House quite knew where it was, he had embarked on a long speech about distress in Ireland.

Though Members generally ignorant of what was to the fore, MICHAEL JOSEPH had received the tip. In the quiet recesses of his library he had composed a prodigious speech. Brought it down secreted about his person upon innumerable sheets of paper. At critical moments these got mixed, and there were long pauses whilst MICHAEL rearranged the folios.

After one of the pauses the bull appeared on scene. Like the birth of Jeames, its origin is "wropped in mystery." SARK says he believes it belonged to another folio of the notes. However, there it was, rampaging round a peaceful parish in the West of Ireland. Congested Districts Board had something to do with it. Whether they sent it of their own accord, or in re-

sponse to a petition from the parishioners, was among the many things in the narrative which became a little hazy. MICHAEL JOSEPH might have made all clear, in spite of his notes, had it not been for the SPEAKER. Right hon. gentleman wouldn't have the bull on any terms. In parliamentary sense he waved red flag whenever its bellowing was heard in the distance, or the tip of its horn appeared above the gangway. MICHAEL JOSEPH equally determined to have his way. Why should an



"Now this bull, Sir."

(Mr. Fl-v-n.)

Irishman be denied his bull? But the SPEAKER, in spite of his genial smile and courteous manner, is a tough customer to deal with.

"Now this bull, Sir," said MICHAEL JOSEPH, slyly leading up the animal by devious course, through the length of which he thought its existence might be forgotten.

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER, sternly. Whatever might be the case with the general topic, the bull at least should not feed on the pastures of the Consolidated Fund Bill.

It turned out in the end that it wasn't a bull at all, but a yearling. Whether that made the case (whatever the case was) better or worse, MICHAEL JOSEPH was not permitted to explain.

Business done.—MICHAEL JOSEPH's bull warned off.

Thursday.—Arrangements for formation of new Party concluded. Began operations to-night with attack on Clerk at Table. Unlike its prototype the Fourth Party, it strides Colossus-wise across floor of House. One foot is represented by that puissant knight, Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT. For the

other stands, four square to any wind, the Young ROSCIUS of our feeble day, REDMOND cadet. The Whip is the conqueror of SITTING BULL, THE O'KELLY. The Party—well, at present there is no Party. But here are complete arrangements for its guidance. At first it was expected that CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES would slew alongside, and cruise yard-arm in yard-arm. But the CAPTAIN, in reply to overtures, said he thought he would prefer to retain the attitude of A Friendly Power.

Had a very good send-off to-night. Stopped progress of public business for fully two hours. This, of course, would have been nothing in the good old days. In these times is pretty considerable. Sir BASHMEAD was in great form. As for the Young ROSCIUS, his exuberant delight in his own eloquence almost contagious.

SARK chiefly delighted with the appointment of THE O'KELLY as Whip. That, he insists, is a stroke of genius. As SITTING BULL found, there is something irresistible about THE O'KELLY.

"Reminds me," says SARK, "of a picture of KEENE's that appeared in *Punch* thirty-six years ago, and was thereafter a lifelong delight to the dear DU MAURIER. Represents nearly empty 'bus joggling along on rainy day. In the background are seen lady and gentleman turning down another road. 'Now, why didn't you take that there party?' says the 'busman, turning an indignant face upon the conductor. 'Said they wouldn't go,' pleaded the pal. 'Said THEY wouldn't go!' responded the driver in withering tones of contempt. 'THEY said they wouldn't go! Why, what do you suppose you're put there for? Do you call that conductin' a 'bus? Oh, THEY wouldn't go! I like that!' When the BASHMEAD-REDMOND-ARTLETT Party is recruited, and THE O'KELLY wants to whip them into a particular Lobby, it will be small use them saying they won't go."

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a third time.

Friday.—Member for South Monaghan still going about wondering what he really meant to say on second reading of Irish Local Government Bill about the Eye of Ireland. His words were: "Mr. SPEAKER, there will not be a dry eye in Ireland at the death and burial of the Grand Jury." After proceeding some sentences with his argument, it struck him there was a mistake somewhere. Had he meant a dry eye? On reflection, he thought not. Better correct it. The misreading would get into Hansard, and generations unborn would puzzle over it. Nothing like being frank. So he explained that when he said a dry eye, he had meant a wet one.

Mr. DALY's manner solemn as becomes the Chairman of the Town Commissioners of Carrickmacross, and a member of its Board of Guardians. Flippant Members opposite roared with laughter. Across the gangway came the audible whisper, "Wet your other eye." Why should they have laughed, and what had he really meant, a wet eye or a dry eye?

Business done.—A quiet sitting with the Army Estimates.

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APRIL FOOLS.

THE man who goes to see a race,
And backs a horse which wins a "place,"
But of his bookie finds no trace,
Becomes an April Fool.

And folks with means already great,
Who in the City speculate
And lose their all, deserve their fate,
For they are April Fools.

The lady who, with notion quaint,
Hopes to conceal her age with paint,
And thinks she's lovely, but she ain't,
She's an old April Fool.

Poor gentlefolk who fondly dream
Of wealth through home-employment
scheme,

Discover things aren't what they seem.
Alas! poor April Fools.

The girl who goes upon the stage,
Quite certain she will be "the rage,"
Finds she is cast to play a Page,
And feels an April Fool.

Suburban folk who ev'ry day
Experience the train's delay,
But get no compensation, they
Are clearly April Fools.

The borrower who is content
To raise a loan at cent. per cent.,
For which he'll bitterly repent,
He is an April Fool.

The men who go out to Klondyke
With no idea of what it's like,
And think a vein of gold to strike,
Are naught but April Fools.

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Second E. B. (promptly). 'Cos our 'ouse allus sells Cambridge sausages!



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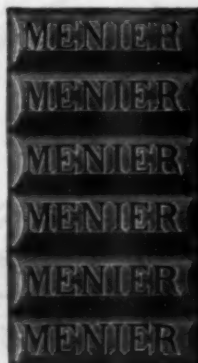
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